

EZRA, THE DREAMER

BO CHARACTERIZED BY HIS WIFE,
AND HE ADMITS IT.

But He Will Yet Get Her the Many
Fine Things He Had Promised,
and the New Hat Right
Away.

"Ezra," said Mrs. Billtops, "when
can I have the money for a new
hat?"

"Well, Elizabeth," Mrs. Billtops re-
plied, cheerfully, "I couldn't give it to
you just now, but I can let you have
it next week."

"Next week!" said Mrs. Billtops,
echoing the words but giving them a
somewhat different twist, saying them
not bitterly not sarcastically, but in a
sort of sighing, weary tone. She
continued:

"Ezra, do you know that you have
been saying next week to me ever
since we were married, so-and-so many
years ago?"—Mrs. Billtops mentioned
the number, but it isn't necessary to
go into all these minor details here—
"and that next week has never come?"
You were going to get me horses and
a carriage; yes, sir, I was going to
have a carriage, sure, and a fine house
and beautiful clothes. You were go-
ing to make me happy, you said, and
give me everything that heart could
wish.

"Where, Ezra," Mrs. Billtops went
on, smiling herself now as she re-
called the catalogue of luxuries which
when they were married brave Ezra
was going to give her, but which he
had never given, "where are those
things that I was so surely going to
have? Have I horses and a carriage?
A fine house? Beautiful clothes?
Have I any of the splendid things you
promised me, that you were going
to give me?"

"Has it not always been next week,
next week, that these things were go-
ing to come, but have they ever
come?" And again Mrs. Billtops smiled
down upon him as she thought to her-
self: "Horses? Carriages? A fine
house? Beautiful clothes? Why, I'm
having a hard time getting money
enough to buy a new hat!"

"Well, Elizabeth," said Mr. Billtops,
and he was smiling, too. "I haven't
given you all those things that I was
going to give you, that I wanted to
give you, and that I surely expected
I would be able to give you, that is
true; but you see things didn't turn
out exactly as I expected they would."

"I didn't earn as much as I expected
to, for one thing; and then, with all
your economy, my dear, it always cost
us more to live than we had expected;
and then the children came; and so
all the time it cost us more; and per-
haps I didn't save as I should have
done, and so I couldn't give you so
many things that I would have liked
to give."

"I have not put off getting these
things because I wanted to, but be-
cause I had to. You know I would
have given you everything I promised
you if I could, don't you? And we
have been very happy, haven't we?
And I am going to get you all those
things yet!"

"Ezra, you're a dreamer!" said Mrs.
Billtops, smiling still, and looking
down upon him kindly, as a matter of
fact, very kindly, "just a dreamer."

Then Mr. Billtops got up and
started for the office, thinking to him-
self that perhaps he was a dreamer,
perhaps he had been too much of a
dreamer; but he had had few night-
mares in life, his had been mostly
pleasant dreams; and then he reflected
seriously that he certainly must find
the money for Mrs. Billtops's new hat
next week.

Criticism Repaid Author.

Bjornsen, the great Norwegian
writer, who is reported to be serious-
ly ill, once told an interviewer that
when his first book was published not
one of his friends could be prevailed
upon to read it. At length a fellow-
student, whose opinion the young au-
thor valued highly, was persuaded to
attack the book on being promised a
bottle of punch. In fulfillment of this
promise, he climbed one afternoon up
to Bjornsen's attic, filled a long pipe,
undressed to his singlet, for it was
very hot, flung himself on the bed,
and began to read, with the punch by
his side. Bjornsen sat on the sofa,
hungry for praise, but not a word
dropped from his friend's lips until
the pipe, the bottle, and the book
were finished, when he arose, dressed,
and took his departure, remarking as
he went, "That is the best book I
ever read in my life." Then Bjornsen
felt that his punch had not been
wasted.

New England's Libraries.

According to the statistics of the
national bureau of education, New
England is conspicuous in the number
of libraries. Her states lead the rest
of the country, except that California
is ahead of Rhode Island. The for-
mer state has one library for every
6,102 persons, while in Rhode Island
there is one for every 6,387. In the
number of volumes per capita, how-
ever, the little state is ahead, having
200 volumes for each citizen. New
Hampshire, Massachusetts and Con-
necticut are ahead of her in the order
named, and Maine and Vermont fol-
low.

Pretending.

"See the boys."
"Pretending to be soldiers, eh?"
"Yes, kids get lots of fun pretend-
ing."
"And grown-ups, too. I put in my
vacation pretending I was rich."—
Louisville Courier-Journal.

SPORT IN HOOKING 'GATORS

Also Is a Pastime That Has a Consid-
erable Amount of Danger Mixed
With It.

"Hunting alligators at night with
a bullseye lantern and shotgun is
tame sport compared with what is
called a 'gator hunt down in Florida,'"
said an old Floridian. "I mean the
feat of capturing an alligator alive
and then towing the fellow to high
ground through mud and water from
what is called in Florida a 'gator hole.'"

"The 'gator fishermen' first find the
hole, which is indicated by an open-
ing in the surrounding grass in the
midst of a dense growth of vegeta-
tion, where the ground is worn smooth
by the alligator in his pulls in and
out. Sometimes these 'gator holes'
are in the nature of a cave in the
bank of a stream and may be 15 or
20 feet deep, and if so it is not an
easy matter to get the animal out."

"The fisher is supplied with a long
pole with a metal hook in the end. He
takes a strong rope and throws it
about the entrance of the hole. At
this juncture Roosevelt's monkey
hunting in Africa is not in it com-
pared to 'gator hunting in the Florida
marsh."

"Then the fisher rams with the
hooked pole down the den and waits
and listens. If he finds the 'gator' in
the hole he teases the beast by pick-
ing him until the 'gator' in a rage
finally grabs the hooked pole and is
pulled from the den. It is with uncer-
tainty that he is dragged forth, for it
is not known whether the catch is a
large or small one; the fisher does
not know whether to get into shape
to run or to fight. But out the 'gator'
comes, bellowing and roaring mad."

"After the 'gator' is dragged to the
surface he in his rage turns and rolls
and finally twists himself up in the
rope or noose that has been previous-
ly prepared. With the assistance of
the others in the party the 'gator's'
legs and mouth are tied and the 'gator'
is a prisoner."

"The 'gator' is for the most part
caught in marshes where the ground
is soft and slushy and too wet for
either horse or wagon to enter. The
fishers are compelled to carry their
catch to higher ground, there to be
loaded into the waiting wagon, and
the hunt is ended."

A Crowded Steamer.

A friend was complaining the other
day to Capt. Barber, port captain of
the state pilots, about the crowded
condition of the steamboat on which
he recently made a trip.

"Four in a room?" replied Barber.

"That's nothing."

"You should have traveled in the
days of the gold rush to California. I
remember one trip out of New York
we carried more than 1,000 passen-
gers, and if you put 50 on that ship
to-day there'd be a holler that would
reach Washington and make trouble
for somebody. To show you how
crowded it was and what 'crowded'
really means, three days out from
New York a chap walked up to the
old man and said:

"'Captain, you really must find me
a place to sleep.'"

"'Where in thunder have you been
sleeping until now?' asked the old
man."

"'Well,' says the fellow, 'you see,
it's this way. I've been sleeping on a
sick man, but he's getting better now
and won't stand for it much longer.'"
—San Francisco Call.

A Bit Tactless.

"Dere certainly is a coolness between
Mandy Jones an' Clay Jeffson dese
days," remarked Aunt Clorinda to a
saller. "Is you got any idee what's
de trouble?"

"Yes, I is," was the gratifying an-
swer. "Clay Jeffson he done hurt
per feelings bad at de strawberry so-
pol, an' Mandy is gwine t' hab dat
po' larn to be mo' carefuller in his
talk befo' she 'lows any mo' co'ting."

"What did he do?" demanded Aunt
Clorinda.

"'Twan'n what he do, 'twar what
he say,' replied the well-informed vi-
sitor. "Miss Colby, dat was sarning
he sho'take, she ax' Mandy will she
hab a second place ob it, an' Mandy
say: 'Jes' a mouthful!'"

"An' dat triflin' Clay Jeffson he up
an' say: 'All you kin get on de plate,
Miss Colby,' he say."

"'Co'se he tried to explainify away
all de trouble, but I reckon he's got
to sarve his 'prenticeship befo' Mandy
cepts any 'pologies.'—Youth's Com-
panion.

Fruit of the Jack Tree.

The jack fruit, a giant among the
different fruits, which appears al-
ready to have been known by the
name of Ischakka among the San-
scrists, is found all over southeastern
Asia, as far as the islands of the Pa-
cific ocean; the Malabar coast (West
Ghauts) appears to be its habitat.

The jack tree, as it is called in
British India (Artocarpus integrifolia,
L.), a relation of the bread tree, of all
trees most resembles in growth, bark
and leaves the silver beech in mid-
summer. The trunk and thickest
branches of this tree, attaining to a
height of eighty to one hundred
feet, are laden with fruit weighing up
to thirty kilograms, three feet in
length, shaped like a somewhat long,
rounded and full packed bag, covered
with numberless green or yellowish
green pyramidal prickles about .05
centimeter high.

As Like as Not.

Bill—I see a man is trying to drift
across the arctic circle. Where do you
suppose he'll bring up?
Jill—Oh, on the lecture platform
probably.

ACCEPT BAD MONEY

BOGUS COINS CIRCULATE FREE-
LY IN MEXICO.

Only When They Get Into the Banks
or Government Offices Are They
Taken Up—Work Done
Systematically.

Counterfeiters find Mexico a good
field for their business. An enormous
amount of spurious coin is in cir-
culation in that country. A remarkable
thing about these false coins is that
they are readily accepted in the or-
dinary channels of trade. It is only
when they get into the banks or of-
fices of the federal state governments
that they are taken up and retired
from circulation. The silver peso is
the principal coin counterfeited, al-
though the coins of smaller denom-
ination, particularly the five-cent
piece, are not below the notice of the
illicit metal workers.

There is no way of estimating the
amount of false coin in circulation,
but it must be very large, as is evi-
denced by the fact that one of every
ten coins of the peso denomination in
the ordinary transaction of business
usually is found to be spurious.

The average Mexican of the lower
class is an adept in filigree and gen-
eral metal work. The counterfeiting
outfits usually are crude affairs, and
the coins which they turn out are
good specimens, considering the
rough method of their manufacture.
Few of the counterfeiters take the
trouble to form an elaborate composi-
tion for their goods. The majority
of them are content with ordinary
lead. In many instances the coins
are cast in brass and then plated
with silver. The silver plated brass
coins are kept in circulation until the
plating wears off, when they are no
longer accepted in the usual line of
trade.

It is said that counterfeiters in
Mexico have little difficulty in placing
their product in circulation. In many
instances uncovered by the police and
secret service men the counterfeiters
sold their spurious output to mer-
chants and small dealers in different
cities and the coins were passed out
to customers in a systematic way so
as not to attract undue attention. The
patrons of these small stores and
market places are people of the lower
class for the most part, and the rudest
kind of counterfeit coin is ac-
cepted by them without question or
comment.

The counterfeiting of bank bills or
stamps has not been attempted in
Mexico for many years. The execu-
tion of work of this kind requires the
exercise of a kind of skill that the
average Mexican counterfeiter is not
possessed of. The nearest approach
to this kind of counterfeiting took
place not long ago when many thou-
sand dollars' worth of fraudulent
street car tickets were made and sold
in Mexico City. These tickets were
engraved and were good imitations
of the originals, but it was only a few
days after they were put on the mar-
ket before the fraud was discovered
and its perpetrators arrested.

Roosevelt Children's Morning Swim.

An amusing incident occurred re-
cently. The moment that Quentin
Archie and their sister were in the
water, the unconscious instinct of the
Anglo-Saxon to outdo, sent them swim-
ing and splashing to a distance be-
yond the habit of many young Italians
who bathe there.

One dark-haired, dark-hued little
fellow surveyed them solemnly, then
separated himself from his race and
followed the foreigners. Every water
stunt they did he solemnly imitated.
When they rested on rocks he mount-
ed one near by. If they dived, he
dived; not a movement of theirs es-
caped him, nor a span further did
they swim than he. When the
noon bells sounded they turned and
he followed, and he reached the beach
as they did. They departed to the
bathhouse. His turned, gave them a
look of race superiority, and quietly
returning to the water gave the au-
dience on the sea wall of the Cornice
road an exhibition of extra Italian en-
durance.—From the New York Her-
ald's Paris Edition.

Unavoidably Detained.

A well-known general tells the fol-
lowing story:

One day he received a telegram
from a subordinate who was injured
in a railroad accident while on fur-
lough, which read: "Will not report
to-day, as expected, on account of un-
avoidable circumstances."

The tone of the message was not
satisfactory to the general and he
wired at once in reply: "Report as
ordered or give reasons."

Within an hour the following mes-
sage came back over the wires from
the hospital: "Train off—can't ride;
legs off—can't walk. Will not report
unless you insist."

Tabbed and Filed.

Mrs. Crawford—You must love your
husband very dearly if you save all
the letters he sends you while you're
in the country.

Mrs. Crawford—I'm keeping them
for comparison, my dear. I'm sure to
catch him in a lie.—Judge.

Very Simple.

"My dear old friend, how were you
able to acquire such an immense for-
tune?"

"By a very simple method."

"What method is that?"

"When I was poor I made out that
I was rich, and when I got rich I
made out that I was poor."—Answers.

COOK HAD BECOME FIXTURE

Much Wonderment at Social Matrons'
Meeting Before the New Mem-
ber Explained.

It was almost the unanimous opin-
ion at the Social Matrons' meeting
that it was impossible to keep a cook
more than a month without changing.
"However," announced the presi-
dent, "if any person present knows
of an exceptional case let her speak!"

At this the New Member timidly
arose in their midst. "The exception
is in my house," she said.

This caused the others to sit up.

"How long have you had your
cook?" quizzed the president.

"Over five years."

For a moment the others stared in
amazement; then heads began to bob
in admiration and more heads began
to swing sideways in vigorous dis-
trust of this statement.

"Is this cook entirely satisfactory
as a cook?"

"My husband thinks not, but she
stays, nevertheless."

"How do you manage to keep her,
then?"

"Because she won't go."

"Aha!"

This ejaculation which escaped from
the president's mouth was flashed like
magic through the meeting until it
became a huge wave.

The president regarded the New
Member with half pity, half scorn.

"New Member," said she, the next
moment, "instead of advancing a case
in which a long-sought solution might
have been found, you expose yourself
as being worse off than any of your
sisters. You show that by allowing
this cook to stay over the month you
have enabled the menial to attain and
hold an ascendancy over you and your
husband—just the thing this society
has so long fought against! No doubt
you rue this day, New Member!"

"I do not!" she replied, bridling
through the sniffs and tart insinua-
tions that scintillated about her, "for
in my house I am the cook!"

Devotion to Sarah.

That matinee girls in an exaggerated
form are not specialties of this country
is evidenced by the following from a
Paris paper:

"They were a bevy of about ten
young girls, seated yesterday morning
on a bench opposite 56 Boulevard Pe-
reire."

"Why? They were awaiting the re-
turn home of Mme. Sarah Bernhardt
from a triumphal tour of the north of
France, for which she had used an au-
tomobile for the first time."

"The girls knew very well that Mme.
Bernhardt was due to arrive yesterday,
but—at what time? Having no pre-
cise information on that point, they
had begun mounting guard at nine in
the morning before the home of their
idol. Noon came—one o'clock—but
no automobile."

"But they were not discouraged.
Rather than desert their post they de-
cided to lunch right there on the
bench."

"Two o'clock, three, four. At last
there is the honk of a horn. The ten
girls pick up ten bouquets and rush to-
ward the approaching automobile."

"A radiant smile from Sarah is their
reward, and they trip away, quite
happy."

Holland Lives Up to Her Pictures.

Holland is one European country
that looks like her pictures. There
is no better use for the word quaint
than to apply it to Holland. The
farmers really wear wooden shoes.
The land really is diked. Black and
white Holstein cattle really pervade
the landscape. The men really wear
blue jeans shirts outside their trousers
as they work in the fields. On hun-
dreds of heads of women in any
crowd the silver hair baskets, covered
with lace net, really may be seen. The
girls and women are really red-
cheeked, without artificial coloring.
The fields really abound with wild
flowers and windmills really sway
their gaunt, awkward arms in the
wind. There is no sham, no pomp
and splendor, no fuss and feather in
the country. One gets the impression
of a rugged, sham-hating, simple,
kind-hearted, hopeful race in going
through Holland.—From William Al-
len White's Letter to the Emporia Ga-
zette.

A Few Words to Fools.

There is a fool born every minute.
so we are told, but there is also a
great mortality among them. There
are fewer active ones alive to-day
than there were last week, or than
there will be next Monday morning.
It seems useless to say much to this
kind of people, but we wish to give
a few suggestions in the interest of
those who are not fools, but friends
and relatives of fools.

Unless you are an expert boatman,
do not take a boat out on the water
and in no event unless you are able
to control all those who are in it.

Do not try to see how deep you can
dive nor how far you can swim into
danger.

Do not try to see if your automo-
bile can make 70 miles an hour, as
guaranteed by the man from whom
you bought it.

Do not blow your brains out simply
because the girl doesn't like you or
because you can't pay your debts. Let
others do the worrying.

A Good Excuse.

He—Confound it! We've been sit-
ting on wet paint.

She—Yes, dear. I know we have.

He—And you never told me!

She—Don't be angry, dearest. You
had just begun to tell me that you
loved me, and how could I interrupt
you?

IN CONSTANT FLOW

SAMOAN VOLCANO POURS LAVA
INTO OCEAN.

Only Four Years Old, But It Is Easily
the Titan of Them All—New
Coast Line Is Being
Created.

In the island of Savali, in the Sa-
moan group, during an August night
in the year 1905 there arose from the
midst of a peaceful cocoa plantation
a volcano that in four years of its
still ceaseless activity has sent forth
more molten lava than has any vol-
cano of which there is record.

To-day this flow of lava, in some
places 700 feet in depth, is filling up
the sea along a frontage of more than
seven miles, has destroyed about 50
villages and as many square miles of
what was once the most productive
area in all Samoa. From Apla, about
50 miles away on the island of Upolu,
it is sometimes possible to read at
night by the glare of the Savalian vol-
cano, whose twin pillars of vapor by
day become columns of red.

Above the ever seething lake of fire
within the crater hangs a great crim-
son cloud, while eight miles distant
from the volcanic cone appears a less-
er cloud, sometimes divided into many
columns of apparent fire. It is but
the steam arising from the sea, col-
ored by the red glowing lava that
pours a Niagara of fire over the cliffs
that the ceaseless torrent of molten
rock builds higher and higher every
day. The ocean steamers touching at
Apla pass within close hailing dis-
tance of this dramatic spectacle.

Scientists who have seen the most
recent flow say that every minute
300,000 tons of lava flow over the
lower rim of the crater; and this not
resembling in any way the other la-
va, but like molten iron spreads over
the old field and beyond until at the
sea there is a Niagara of fire full ten
miles in width. As this molten lava
falls into the ocean, says Harper's
Weekly, it turns to a fine black sand
and sinks, and so a new coast line is
being built up in water 300 to 400
feet deep.

This moving molten lake advances
at the rate of four miles an hour. As
it pours itself into the sea columns
of water are raised in steam to incal-
culable heights, and this, descending
in a fine rain of brine, destroys vege-
tation and corrodes the galvanized
iron roofings of churches and trading
stations for miles around.

As the torrents of boiling lava
break against the basalt cliffs or hum-
mocks left by the old flow cliffs are
melted by the heat, hummocks disin-
tegrated and carried forward by the
flow to be hurled into the sea, where
they explode like Titanic bombs, and
this is taking place every moment
along an ever widening sea front of
ten miles at least. For more than a
mile out in the ocean the water boils,
and from the crater still flows a
steady stream of lava greater, it is
said, than man has ever seen in the
past issue from any volcano of which
there is record.

Never once since that night four
years ago, when this volcano was
born in a peaceful valley, has it re-
mained for a moment quiescent.

Mocking Birds in Massachusetts.

The coming of a mocking bird to
Massachusetts is so rare that even
those who have made a study of birds
are apt to be puzzled by the unfa-
miliar visitor. To such persons it will
be of interest to learn that a pair of mock-
ing birds are making Duxbury their
summer home this year. They were
first noticed several weeks ago, when
they made themselves at home about
a house in the southern part of the
town. The beauty of their songs
brought neighbors to watch them. In
a few days they left the place, hav-
ing apparently found more to their lik-
ing a swamp near by at the bottom of
an apple orchard.

Two enterprising nature students
spent an afternoon under these trees,
and they were rewarded by abundant
opportunities for observing the birds
which left no doubt as to their iden-
tity. Their nest is probably in the
thicket of the swamp, but no one wants
to risk disturbing them by hunting for
it. They have improved their visit to
the north by increasing their reper-
toire and have added imitations of
several northern birds to the long list
of songs they already had.—Boston
Globe.

Unprejudiced.

Mike McGinnis was being examined
for jury duty in a murder trial.

"Mr. McGinnis," asked the judge,

"have you formed or expressed an
opinion as to the guilt or innocence
of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir," replied Mike.

"Have you any conscientious scruples
against capital punishment?"

"Not in this case, your honor," Mike
replied.—Success.

No Rest There.

Uncle Eben—If ye ever visit New
York and git tired walkin' around th'
city, don't ye go into th' stock ex-
change to rest!

Aunt Martha—Why not?

Uncle Eben—Gracious sakes! there
they charge \$40,000 for a seat!—
Judge.

His Ambition.

"Berty, what are you going to be
when you grow up?" asked the min-
ister.

"A milkman," said Tommy, prompt-
ly, "so's I can go round in the morn-
ing making all the noise I want."—
Buffalo Express.

Church Directories:

Presbyterian Church.

Rev. James M. Walton, Pastor.
Sabbath school at 9:30 every Sabbath
Y. P. S. C. E. at 6:30 p. m.
Prayer Service Thursday evening at 7:30
p. m.
Preaching every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and
7:30 p. m.
Woodville every Sabbath at 3 p. m.
Everybody cordially invited to attend the
above services.
If the pastor can help you, please call for
his services.

Christian Church.

Elder B. H. Dawson, Pastor.
Bible school every Lord's day 9:45 a. m., D. P.
Brooks, superintendent.
Y. P. S. C. E. every Lord's day 6:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at
7:30.
Preaching every second and fourth Lord-
day, morning and evening, 11 a. m., 7:30 p. m.
All cordially invited to attend all meetings of
the church. All mail welcome by the pasto.

Evangelical Church.

E. F. Boehringer, Pastor.
Sunday school at 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting Thursday at 8 p. m.
Services every Sunday, morning and evening.
Regular preaching services the first and
third Sundays at 11 a. m., and the second
and fourth Sundays at 3 p. m.
Preaching at Nickell's Grove on the first
and third Sundays at 8 p. m., and the second
and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m.
Preaching at Benton church every Sun-
day afternoon.
All are cordially invited to attend.

Methodist Episcopal Church.

Services each Sunday as follows:
Sunday school at 9:45 a. m.
Preaching service at 11 a. m.
Junior League at 3 p. m.
Epworth League at 7:30 p. m.
Prayer service at 8:30 p. m.
Prayer meeting each Thursday at 8:00 p. m.
You are cordially invited to attend all
these services.
T. C. TAYLOR, Pastor.

German M. E. Church.

Rev. Henry Bruns, Pastor.
Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.<